

*Emil.* The Sun grows high, let's walk in, keep these flowers;  
Weele see how neere Art can come neere their colours;  
I am wondrous merry hearted, I could laugh now.

*Wom.* I could lie downe I am sure.

*Emil.* And take one with you?

*Wom.* That's as we bargaine Madam,

*Emil.* Well, agree then.

*Exeunt Emilia and woman.*

*Pal.* What thinke you of this beauty?

*Arc.* Tis a rare one.

*Pal.* Is't but a rare one?

*Arc.* Yes a matchles beauty.

*Pal.* Might not a man well lose himselfe and love her?

*Arc.* I cannot tell what you have done, I have,  
Beskrew mine eyes for't, now I feele my Shackles.

*Pal.* You love her then?

*Arc.* Who would not?

*Pal.* And desire her?

*Arc.* Before my liberty.

*Pal.* I saw her first.

*Arc.* That's nothing

*Pal.* But it shall be.

*Arc.* I saw her too.

*Pal.* Yes, but you must not love her.

*Arc.* I will not as you doe, to worship her;

As she is heavenly, and a blessed Goddess;

(I love her as a woman, to enjoy her)

So both may love.

*Pal.* You shall not love at all.

*Arc.* Not love at all.

Who shall deny me?

*Pal.* I that first saw her; I that tooke possession

First with mine eye of all those beauties

In her reveald to mankind: if thou lou'st her,

Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,

Thou art a Traytour *Arcite* and a fellow

False as thy Title to her: friendship, blood,

And all the tyes betweene us I disclaime

If thou once thinke upon her.

*Arc.* Yes I love her,

And if the lives of all my name lay on it,

I must doe so, I love her with my soule,

If that will lose ye, farewell *Palamon*,

I say againe, I love, and in loving her maintaine

I am as worthy, and as free a lover

And have as just a title to her beauty

As any *Palamon* or any living

That is a mans Sonne.

*Pal.* Have I cald thee friend?

*Arc.* Yes, and have found me so; why are you mov'd thus?

Let me deale coldly with you, am not I

Part of you blood, part of your soule? you have told me

That I was *Palamon*, and you were *Arcite*.

*Pal.* Yes.

*Arc.* Am not I liable to those affections,

Those joyes, greifes, angers, feares, my friend shall suffer?

*Pal.* Ye may be.

*Arc.* Why then would you deale so cunningly.

So strangely, so vnlike a noble kinsman

To love alone? speake truely, doe you thinke me

Vnworthy of her sight?

*Pal.* No; but unjust,

If thou pursue that sight.

*Arc.* Because an other

First sees the Enemy, shall I stand still

And let mine honour downe, and never charge?

*Pal.* Yes, if he be but one.

*Arc.* But say that one

Had rather combat me?

*Pal.* Let that one say so,

And use thy freedome: els if thou pursuest her,

Be as that curfed man that hates his Country,

A branded villaine.

*Arc.* You are mad.

*Pal.* I must be.

Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*, it concernes me,

E

And